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EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865 WHICH WAY HARLEM? by John O'Kearney

THE Nation

OCTOBER 27, 1956
20c

ELECTION VIEWS FROM OVERSEAS

Reports from

Tokyo, Melbourne, New Delhi, Paris, Rome, London, Bonn, Montreal

Million-Dollar Mix-up

California's Proposition No. 4

by Gene Marine

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College Press for Ike

by Laurence Barrett

EISENHOWER has lost considerable ground to Adlai Stevenson among the country's college editors since May, but a majority of them still like Ike. Yet Stevenson's gains cannot be attributed to his campaign; nine out of ten made their decision at convention time.

These conclusions are drawn from a poll of college editors taken this month and compared with one taken last spring by New York University (*Nation,* May 12). The second poll drew fifty-two replies—sixteen from the Northeast, nine from the Midwest, ten from the South, fifteen from the West and five from border states. This distribution follows closely that of the first poll.

This month Eisenhower prevailed by a margin of thirty-three to twenty-two. When forty-four editors responded last spring, the President had a better than two-to-one edge.

In this month's poll, Richard Nixon came in for a good deal of abuse from Stevenson supporters, as did the President's capacity for leadership. None of the pro-Eisenhower answers mentioned Nixon. The Eisenhower fans stressed prosperity more than peace. Wrote an editor from Illinois: "In general, I approve of the 1952-56 Administration and see no reason to shift into neutral while we're travelling in high."

The world situation was used heavily as an argument by both sides. Eisenhower supporters maintained that their candidate's experience and prestige abroad made him essential at this time. Many Stevenson backers condemned Dulles' administration of foreign affairs. The Suez crisis came up frequently.

The candidates' honesty, intellect and personality received more attention from the editors polled than did specific issues. Most of the answers ignored the President's health and the merits or demerits of Estes Kefauver. Only a handful mentioned H-bomb tests and the draft. There were, of course, exceptions. One Ivy League editor, whose paper supported Roosevelt, Wallace and Stevenson in the last six elections, went Republican this time: "Over the last four years, the Republicans have given expression to the will of the people with their program of moderate conservatism. But at the same time, they have fought against political expediency when it seemed detrimental to the best interests of the country. . . ."

On the Stevenson side (as opposed to the anti-Nixon, anti-Dulles, anti-Big Business line), one Eastern women's college editor wrapped it up this way: "Stevenson, the liberal intellectual, represents the type of candidate . . . absent from the White House for too long. I should like to see a real 'mind' in the Presidency."

There was a small but eloquent minority which favored Stevenson rather as if he were the lesser of two evils. One Chicago man wrote: "I can't stand Ike! He'd make a good king. . . ." Another Mid-Westerner commented, "I don't support Stevenson so much as I do the Democratic Party. It seems to me that Stevenson has lowered himself immeasurably during the course of the present campaign."

Thirty-seven editors reported that they would split their ballots as against fifteen who said they would vote straight. Three had not decided. Most of the split-ticket advocates argued that party loyalty at the polls would insure the victory of poor candidates somewhere along the line. The central argument for straight voting was fear of a "do-nothing" government resulting from a White House-Congress split.

The tone of the young journalists' comments indicated that they considered themselves keenly interested and at least moderately well informed on politics. But a majority could not attribute such virtues to collegians as a group. By a margin of thirty to twenty-three they agreed that "college students are generally apathetic to politics." Two said they did not know.

But most editors indicated that November 6 would bring a return of apathy. One wrote: "Though the urban, supposedly sophisticated environment of New York City should be enough to bring young persons out of their intellectual cocoons, obviously the effect is not great enough to overcome their political insensibilities. The fault is certainly not with communications. . . . Either the educational job is an inadequate one . . . or this generation of new and potential voters is a selfish and self-satisfied one." A Kentucky editor noted that among native Kentuckians, who can vote at eighteen, there was an increased interest compared to out-of-state students. Georgia is the only other state allowing eighteen-year-olds to vote. A reply from there said most students are not apathetic.

The replies indicated no geographic pattern. Schools from the same region and type of community often yielded opposite answers. The same was true about the various kinds of institutions —private, public, denominational or secular.

The majority of the editors reported that their papers dealt with national affairs to some extent, or encouraged student interest in politics in other ways, such as "register-and-get-out-the-vote" editorials, straw polls, the printing of absentee voter regulations and the encouragement of partisans to debate their positions in print. All of this, be it remembered, in the face of reader disinterest.

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EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

Editorials

The Last Word?

If Mr. Stevenson had tossed a bomb — even a harmless stench bomb — into the closed circle of the Republican high command, he could hardly have touched off a more vehement or startled reaction than by suggesting a moratorium on H-bomb tests. All around the lot the President's chief political lieutenants have been cackling and clucking like so many frightened hens. "An invitation to national suicide," Mr. Dewey intones in Michigan. "A fearful risk," Mr. Nixon warns in Buffalo. "Unfeasible," Mr. Charles E. Wilson counters in Washington. Based on "lack of knowledge," observes Mr. Dulles. Harold Stassen joins the chorus by saying, "I never proposed it." Apparently all that was ever needed to inject some excitement into this campaign was for one of the candidates to propose a first-rate issue. True, a moratorium on tests would not halt the arms race, but the suggestion is timely and important all the same. Both sides have completed their latest series of tests and a stalemate exists at the moment. But new tests will be staged unless some agreement can be reached soon.

The special political merit of Mr. Stevenson's proposal is that it by-passes the thorny issues of inspection without involving any serious risk to national security. The British and the Russians have already said they favor an agreement suspending further blasts. Our concurrence would test the Soviets' current intentions: an agreement would provide a continuing test of their good faith. Later, if a measure of mutual confidence were established, agreement on more basic issues might be reached. In rejecting Mr. Stevenson's suggestion, the President announced, in an almost regal manner, that he has said his last word on the subject. But the subsequent announcement that an Administration White Paper will be put out on the matter is clear proof that Mr. Stevenson has struck pay dirt.

Big Ditch at U.N.

It is best, in assessing the week of feverish diplomatic activity on Suez at the U.N., to stick to what actually happened. The salient facts are these: the three countries principally concerned established contact and started negotiating for the first time since Nasser nationalized the canal in July; they agreed to six "principles" which, while vague enough, committed Britain and France to international control rather than international operation and Egypt to an international rather than an Egyptian waterway; they agreed to continue their negotiations.

Politically speaking, this may not sound like very much. But diplomatically speaking, it is a solid achievement and represents a real gain for Britain and France. Before the Security Council met—thanks largely to Mr. Dulles—the West had failed to induce Nasser to negotiate and every day brought a further deterioration in its bargaining power. Now, thanks largely to Mr. Hammarskjold, who initiated the private U.N. talks, the British and French are moving in a positive direction.

To do this, they had to remove a lot of deadwood, mostly of American origin. The proposals of the first London conference, in which Mr. Dulles played an important part, have been conveniently killed by the Soviet veto. Similarly, the Suez Canal Users' Association, which Mr. Dulles dreamed up, is a dead duck as originally planned, though at this writing Washington was trying to give it some semblance of life in modified form. Britain and France, in short, are for a time on their own and they will probably do much better that way.

The Store-Bought Faces

It is one of the sad facts of our time that people's faces are becoming obsolete. The "canned" news release, the one-dimensional world of the TV screen, the advertising firms that can make a product or a person (sometimes, as in the Presidential campaign they are identical) see to be something they are not, have all tended toward the national emphasis on depersonalization. A remarkable signpost on the road to total defacement occurred last week in the New York Congressional campaign between Anthony B. Akers, Democrat, and Frederick R. Coudert, Jr., incumbent Republican. The Coudert headquarters issued a piece of campaign literature with statements of endorsement

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from four residents of the district. Candidate Akers subsequently discovered that the four pictures were actually those of professional models, purchased from a photographic agency, and placed beside four "faked" names—two of which belonged to real people who had no knowledge of the statements attributed to them. Perhaps most significant of all, beyond the campaign issue itself, was the statement of the Coudert aid who prepared the leaflet. Charles Hagedorn, publisher of a Manhattan weekly newspaper, expressed surprise over all the excitement.

"I'm simply amazed at all this fuss," he said. "This is standard operating procedure in advertising like this."

The store-bought faces had only cost a total of $40 to purchase from the photographic agency. Who needs people?

The Non-Mourners

The crash of old idols continues to resound through Eastern Europe. The Stalinist faithful have been removed from power in Poland and in Hungary; anti-Stalinist pressures are reported to be working against the regimes in Czechoslovakia and Rumania. The pace of this deviationism—polycentralization, in the post-Stalin lexicon—seems to have increased since Tito's talks with Khrushchev; if the Yugoslav leader did not win his point at Yalta, he certainly seems to be winning it in Warsaw and Budapest.

Given the realities of the power situation in East Europe, no responsible observer believes that the satellites are flying off into space. Eventually they will settle in a new and wider orbit around the Kremlin. But the centripetal forces at work are nevertheless of historic significance—the more so because they have precipitated an interesting recoil effect. The deviationists, in the measure that they remove themselves from Moscow, tend to come closer to one another. The Italian and Hungarian Communists have recently paid friendly visits to Yugoslavia; in Italy itself, the Nenni Left Socialists are trying to find a path to unity with the Right Socialists which will not leave the Italian Communists out in the cold. Peking (which despite popular myth has never been under the Kremlin thumb) has gone out of its way to endorse Warsaw's espousal of polycentralization. Certainly the American scene has not remained unaffected—the most dramatic illustration being last week's meeting of Earl Browder, a deviationist from way back, with the staunchly anti-Communist Norman Thomas, about the possibility of creating a non-Communist Left front.

It is doubtful whether ever before in history a wake brought together such a heterogeneous collection of non-mourners as did Stalin's.

Election Views from Abroad

Herewith eight of The Nation's *foreign correspondents report the views of as many countries—Asian as well as European—on the American Presidential campaign.—Ed.*

GREAT BRITAIN

By R. T. McKenzie

London.

EXCEPT FOR those whose business or hobby it is to follow American politics, there is hardly the faintest interest here in the American election; the "serious" press and the BBC carry only brief reports, while the popular press is ignoring it almost completely.

The average Briton (whose interest in foreign politics is, I suspect, even fainter than that of his American counterpart), appears to view the campaign with a blend of detachment and casual curiosity which is reminiscent of his attitude to the World Series. In each contest—the election and the baseball engagement—two teams, which stand for nothing at all so far as the British public is concerned, vie with each other in a game which bears little or no resemblance to any contest, athletic or political, which takes place here.

Who are the Democrats (or the Dodgers)? What do the Republicans (or the Yankees) stand for? And why does the crowd get especially worked up over *this* particular play or *that* piece of individual virtuosity? It is all too confusing to disentangle. One difficulty is that the American election is far too long-drawn-out by British standards. Here an election is usually announced no more than five or six weeks before polling day and campaigning is effectively confined to the last three weeks. A contest that lasts from August to November is bound to look rather like an adagio dance which has been deliberately extended into an endurance contest.

Perhaps the *ennui* of the British should be treated as a compliment. The clear implication is that this American election is a cause for neither concern nor alarm; neither side represents, in British eyes, the incarnation of Good or Evil. Mr. Dulles (he is probably the third and only other American which the average Briton could summon out of his consciousness, the others being Marilyn Monroe and Liberace) is often a source of consternation and confusion here. Since 1952, he has been fairly consistently disliked by supporters of the Labor Party; currently, he is the *bete*

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noire of the active members of the Conservative Party. But, one suspects, there is no clear understanding of where Mr. Dulles fits into the picture. Perhaps some of the more sophisticated of the Labor or Conservative rank-and-file harbor the secret wish that he might "disappear," after this election, rather in the way that strange man, Mr. McCarthy seemed, unaccountably, to disappear sometime ago from American public life.

There is an exception to this widespread disinterest. Almost by definition, the British "egg heads" are the sort of intellectual busybodies who are interested in other people's elections. And what do they think? Where do their sympathies lie? Sad to relate, their attitude, compared with 1952, also appears a blend of curiosity and detachment.

They are detached because they no longer actively fear the Republicans. It has seeped into their consciousness that, in comparison with this country, there has been no inflation in the United States during the past four years, and neither has there been a "depression"; the Republicans, like the British Conservatives, have broken the bands of steel which linked their names with "unemployment." It has also seeped through that McCarthyism is dead or rather that its death rattle is now no louder than the ugly but comparatively harmless din that the lunatic Right has been making, year in and year out, in America for many decades. Even the name Richard Nixon does not any longer make flesh creep over here. It has become clear that he would rather be President than be Right. He begins to look increasingly like a younger (is it possible?) version of Thomas E. Dewey. And who would break out into a cold sweat at the thought that *he* might succeed to the Presidency?

Moreover, the British intellectuals have fallen out of love with Adlai Stevenson. In 1952 he evoked the kind of enthusiasm which ought to be reserved for the political messiah, if ever he appears on the democratic scene. Now he, too, is viewed with detachment even by intellectuals in Britain. Here, for example, is a fairly typical comment by the American correspondent of a leading British Sunday newspaper, *The Observer:*

> There is in America a deep tide running in the direction of the Democratic Party but it is a doubtful question whether Mr. Stevenson is part of it. He has a slightly hunted air in the midst of his own crowds. He is a little remote, with a prim smile that clicks off and on... a portly man with a strained, set, oval face and pale blue prominent eyes... one feels a real sympathy, indeed affection, for him—emotions politicians rarely evoke.

But despite the sharp devaluation of Mr. Stevenson personally, no doubt a majority of those who follow American politics are hoping for a Democratic victory; they do so because they assume that Mr. Stevenson will make a stronger President, under whom American foreign policy will be more consistent and clear-headed; and because they assume that under the Democrats an American depression is even less likely to occur. (Some left-wingers here would dissent; they fear that in office the Democrats, like the Labor Party here, would be either less willing or less able than their more conservative opponents to reach some sort of understanding with the Russians.) But whatever the result on November 6, there will be little sleep lost here contemplating the outcome.

CANADA

By Mark Gayn

Montreal

CANADA—or at least the minority that cares—expects President Eisenhower to win again, and is not too unhappy about it. The fact is that most Canadians regard "Ike" as a man of good will, noble intentions and enough prestige to make moderation prevail both at home and abroad.

This represents something of a reversal here. Since F.D.R. first moved into the White House, the Canadians have fairly consistently favored the Democrats over the Republicans. The feeling probably reached its height in 1952-53, when Canada observed trends and events south of the border with a revulsion and uneasiness unmatched since the Nazi thirties. In those days, intellectuals here prophesied the imminent rise of "American Fascism," the press waged daily battles on McCarthyism and official Ottawa unhappily awaited yet another bombastic declaration from this or that of President Eisenhower's aides. By contrast, Adlai Stevenson seemed like a highly literate, peace-minded and moderate St. George.

The fears then held are not yet wholly gone, but they have been allayed. The relaxation of cold-war tensions has been felt here too, and "Ike" is given some of the credit for it. If his health holds out, it is believed, Canada need not fear unduly the revival of immoderation in Washington. And, with the rise in "Ike's" prestige, there has been a corresponding dimming of Mr. Stevenson's attractions. He is still conceded to be four cuts above Mr. Eisenhower intellectually; opinion here is far less certain that, if elected, he could keep peace as well. In a typical comment on Mr. Stevenson's demand for the suspension of the draft and the H-bomb tests, the Montreal *Star,* one of Canada's most influential newspapers, suggested the other day that he was not likely to convince the American voter he knew more about the problem than the President, "whose chief asset is the trust, confidence and liking of his fellow-citizens."

Mr. Eisenhower's luster, however, does not reflect on his party. A correspondent notes in the Winnipeg *Free Press* that the President is the GOP's "solitary hope of victory in November," and adds that "never before has an American party shrunk so visibly and so completely to the dimensions of one man." Nor does President Eisenhower's great prestige rub off on Mr. Dulles. The "brink-of-war" statement may be old history by now, but the Secretary is still widely regarded—and attacked—as a bumbling statesman.

Canada's foreign policy and her

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economic health both depend on her great neighbor. In the past two years, President Eisenhower has done a good job persuading most Canadians that he stands for peace, and sees eye to eye with Ottawa on how to preserve it. The Canadians have been far less happy about the shape of their economic relations with Washington. In this field, criticism of the American protectionist policy is sharp, and it is openly suggested that the President is easily swayed by various American lobbies. If a depression came, and the effect of such restrictions were felt here more painfully, the Canadians would undoubtedly revert to their traditional pro-Democratic leanings. But as long as the United States is going through a boom, and some of the prosperity spills over across the Canadian border, the resentments here are subdued. And since "Ike" has become synonymous in many minds here with the American boom, the Canadians would just as well see him win again.

INDIA

By Elisabeth Partridge

New Delhi

INDIANS, you might say, like Ike but want Stevenson. The American elections are not a popular issue here yet, but well-informed Indians—including Nehru—are watching developments with interest, conscious that America's choice will prove vitally significant to India.

Indians share the world's conviction that Ike is a man of integrity and peace. Even when U. S.-Indian relations were at their worst last spring, Indians didn't criticize the President personally. But they don't like those around Ike: a party united for the elections but ignoring his liberal lead during office, and a right-wing China lobby which many here see as responsible for America's "subversive" activities in Asia, including India. Then there is the matter of Ike's health and the Nixon succession. Above all, Indians dislike Dulles, described by Frank Moraes— the liberal editor of the *Times of India* and author of a political biography of Nehru—as the "greatest single enemy of democracy and democratic ways in Asia." For Moraes and others, this "purblind person" typifies "the deliberate indifference of Western policies to Asian susceptibilities."

It is India's belief that Stevenson and his supporters do not share this indifference, which the people of India believe has already lost America the cold war in Asia. Many here realize that if the indifference continues, Asia will go Communist by default. Stevenson, Walter Reuther of the CIO-AFL, and above all Chester Bowles, former American Ambassador to India, made a remarkable impression here. All three approached Asian problems with an endearing humility and a desire to listen (too many Americans rush in with slick solutions).

This suggests to Indians that the Democrats would base their policy-making on coming to terms—with no dishonor to themselves or their country—with the realities of Afro-Asian nationalism. Stevenson and his colleagues have apparently noted the warning of Bandung: the West can ignore Afro-Asian nationalism only at its own peril (as Suez has since shown Britain and France). Once Americans understand the pride and the growing pains involved in nationalism, their relations with India will ease almost miraculously.

One exception to the above is in the right-wing of Nehru's Congress Party. These business interests, though Left of the American Congress politically, feel that only Ike has the stature to take a step which would probably prove unpopular at home—the giving of more aid to India as a matter of enlightened self-interest.

But whoever is in the White House when Nehru calls will find him more eager than ever before to improve Indo-U. S. relations. It seems that the Indian Premier now realizes that his gestures toward Communist countries have been interpreted in the West as indicating something more —or less—than neutrality, and have created dangerous pro-Communist thinking among his own masses. To counteract this, he is prepared to go more than halfway toward clearing up misunderstandings both in Washington and at home.

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ITALY

By William Weaver

Rome

IT'S DIFFICULT to assess Italian public opinion on the current American Presidential campaign. In the first place, the man-in-the-street here knows about as much about American politics as his American counterpart would know about the political situation in Italy. Secondly, because of their rigorous space limitations, the Italian daily papers have given the campaign very scant attention.

Despite the scarcity of coverage, it seems clear that Italy's best Washington correspondents are all for Stevenson. This is true even of a semi-official paper like *Il Messaggero*, Rome's leading morning daily.

Milan's new daily paper *Il Giorno* ran a piece in its rotogravure section by their American correspondent, Auro Rosselli, entitled: "What Are These American Parties?" This was an attempt to explain the two parties rather than an evaluation of the issues and candidates. The conclusions were rather mystical: "The Democratic Party is . . . of the heart, of those who believe themselves generous, everybody's friend. . . . The Republicans are those who attach special importance to economic necessities, those who believe themselves wise, mature, skeptical and practical. . . ." For the Italian reader, it wasn't hard to figure out which party the author thought more *simpatico*.

Politically, *Il Giorno* is uncommitted but mildly liberal; more outspoken is the liberal intellectual weekly, *Il Mondo*. Its latest Letter

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from Washington, by Leo J. Wollemborg, gave a clear and serious exposition of the political situation in America, summing up by saying that, in essence, the American voter was faced with a choice of "Eisenhower minus the Republican Party, or Stevenson plus the Democratic Party." Again, without having to read too much between the lines, the Italian reader could grasp the author's inclination towards the Democratic candidate.

Appropriately quoting Karl Marx (" . . . In the United States the people enjoy the privilege every four years of choosing those representatives who represent them badly"), the Communists' high-brow weekly *Il Contemporaneo,* in an American report by Joseph Starobin, asks the question: "Are all the principal candidates in favor of capitalism?," and answers it: "Certainly, they are." And though even here one feels that Mr. Starobin might cast his vote for Adlai, one senses a greater indifference to the two major candidates than in the other papers of a milder political hue.

The curse-on-both-their-houses attitude is common to the Communists *and* to the extreme Right. Like the party-line papers, the die-hard neo-Fascist publications are so rabidly anti-American that they could hardly be expected to express a preference in the campaign. To them, all candidates are equally bad.

Though the more conservative members of the government and the Christian Democratic Party are probably for Eisenhower, the C.D. party as a whole is far from supporting the Republicans officially or unofficially. A few weeks ago, several prominent members of Parliament, including Social Democrats and *Democristiani,* set about organizing an Italians-for-Stevenson group. They quickly recruited a number of liberals, including even the editor of one of the C.D.'s official daily papers. Their plan was to canvass, by air mail, Italo-American voters—much as Italo-Americans had been urged to canvass Italian relatives during the 1948 elections here. But when the organizers got in touch with the Democratic National Committee, they were apparently told to lay off, on the grounds that American voters might resent "foreign interference." The irony of the objection—in view of some of Mrs. Luce's antics—was not lost on the Italians.

In this country without Gallup polls and Crossley ratings, the average man's sympathies remain harder to plumb. Still, all the most reliable judges agree that the Italians in general are fond of the Democrats.

FRANCE AND RUSSIA

By Alexander Werth

Paris

IT'S NO USE talking to any European—either East or West—about the farmer's vote, the Southern vote, Dixiecrats, and all that. All that matters to him really is how the result will affect the chances of peace in the world.

First, a few words about the present Russian attitude. In Russia, oddly enough, there is a marked difference between what might be called the popularized view of American elections, and the diplomatic view. The popularized view is well represented by the "plague-on-both-your-houses" cartoon in last week's satirical weekly, *Krokodil,* reprinted on the next page.

But when you come to the more reasoned political articles in the serious Soviet papers, you find that there is a good deal of difference, in the official Russian view, between the Eisenhower-Nixon and the Stevenson-Kefauver teams. There is little doubt that, looking back over the last ten years, the Russians have been much happier with Eisenhower at the White House than with Truman. Truman symbolizes the cold war to them more than any other American; Eisenhower represents the "thaw," the "spirit of Geneva." But, paradoxically, Dulles is cold-war man Number One of the Eisenhower Administration; and it has been giving Russian commentators many a headache to have to explain the restraining influence that Dulles has been exercising, in the course of the Suez crisis, on the "Anglo-French warmongers and inperialists." The explanation given by *Pravda* is that Dulles has had to pull his punches owing to the American elections, but that, in reality, he is just as aggressive and "imperialist" as the British and French — and will so show himself if the Republicans are returned to office. But *Pravda* quoted with great approval the words of Stevenson to the effect that he believed in a peaceful and reasonable settlement, acceptable to all, of the Suez crisis, and that it was high time account was taken of the great nationalist forces that had come into motion throughout Asia and Africa.

So, on the face of it, it would seem that the Russians would prefer Stevenson to Eisenhower. But this may be a deceptive interpretation. Stevenson, from the Russian point of view, has many disadvantages: he may very well act as a defender of the Arab countries' outcry for independence and advocate a more vigorous "underdeveloped country" policy which would be in straight competition with Russia. He might also display a greater "idealism" than Eisenhower has done in the case of countries like Hungary and Poland, which might be highly dangerous to the USSR at a time when the "destalinization" ferment in these countries is causing Moscow the greatest anxiety. On balance, then, the Russians would probably prefer Eisenhower to Stevenson, except for the possibility of Nixon taking over in the course of the next four years; Nixon they regard as "unpredictable . . . "

What of Western Europe, and particularly France? At present attention is focused on Suez, Algeria, Poland and on internal economic difficulties — and not on the American elections. Seldom, in the last twenty years, has there been less excitement over the question of who was to be the next President of the United States. I believe that on the whole France would prefer Eisenhower to continue, *provided* he continued for four years. The reason for this is simple: the last four years have been more peaceful than the

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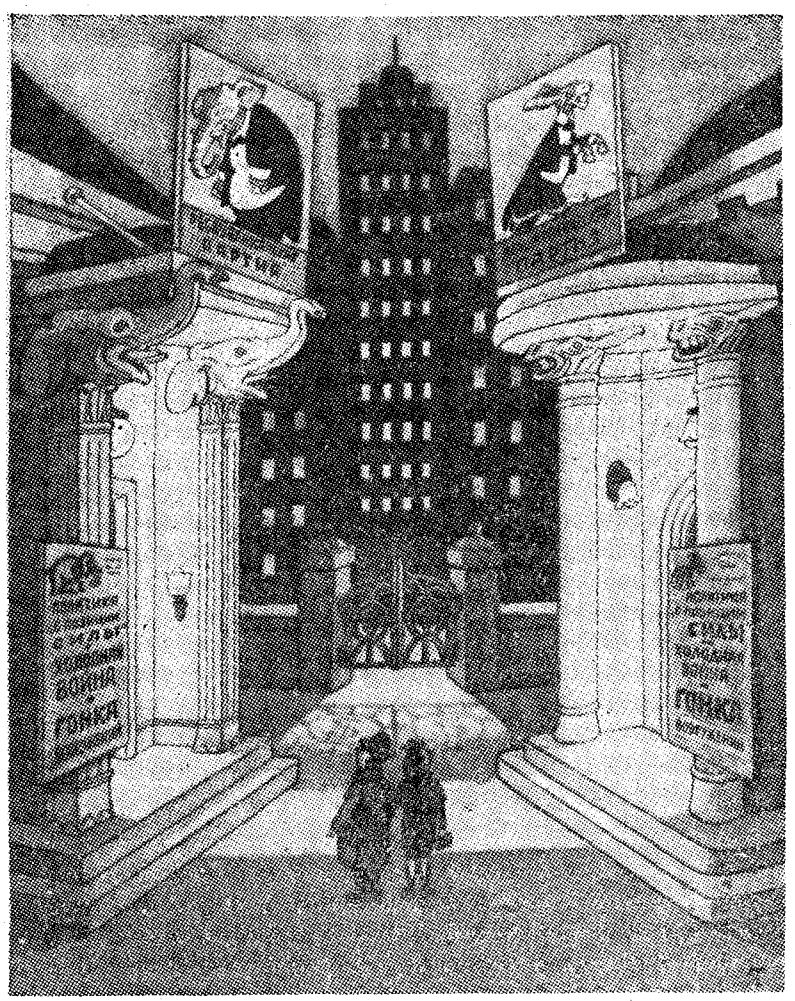
Truman era. But with Nixon, no one can tell. As Maurice Duverger wrote in *le Monde* on August 8 (and neither his nor the paper's line seem to have changed since):

> The fact that Nixon was originally recruited by small ads and financed by private business, and the fact that he is a pure product of the "machine" are not absolutely decisive. . . . But what is disquieting is that he has not, apparently, shaken off his origin. He still looks like a pawn in the hands of the right-wing extremists, of the powerful lobbies. . . . Nixon as President would arouse the greatest distrust among all the nations of Europe . . .

As for Stevenson, there is certainly a preference for him among the Leftist forces in Western Europe. Rightist forces are rather more scared of him than of Eisenhower — though not of Nixon. In France particularly it is feared that Stevenson may — like Roosevelt in the past — encourage Arab nationalism more than Eisenhower has done, and the French right-wing press has not ceased complaining about the "sinister" influence on Tunisian, Moroccan and Algerian nationalisms exercised by trade unions in the United States.

In short, Europe likes Ike. It is, in the main, favorably impressed by Adlai Stevenson; what neither the East of Europe nor the West of Europe wants is ever to see Nixon in the White House.

A Russian View



Krokodil (Moscow)

Two bewildered Americans can't make up their minds between a theatre called "The Elephant" and another called "The Donkey." A caption reads: "The actors are different but the program is the same: "cold war, arms race, position of strength . . ."

JAPAN

By Akira Iwasaki

Tokyo

UNLIKE THE situation in 1952, the noises of the American election campaign are hardly audible here. Four years ago Japan, still an occupied nation, was oriented toward Washington; today it looks mainly westward toward the Soviet Union and Peking. Current news headlines are made by Prime Minister Hatoyama's trip to Moscow and the anti-American demonstrations on Okinawa aimed to prevent further expropriation of farm land for U. S. military bases. As this is written, sports fans are devouring details of the World Series, music lovers crowd the performances of the first Italian opera troupe in Tokyo, and intellectuals are looking forward to a series of lectures by Arnold Toynbee.

"I know Eisenhower, but the only Stephenson I know is the one who invented the locomotive," giggled an office girl in a movie company at Ginza. A labor union man said to me: "Ike and Stevenson are peas out of a pod. Makes no difference. I will like Ike if he pulls U. S. forces out of my country." He paused. "But Dulles is a warmonger—he must go!"

But then there is the H-bomb. Housewives, disgusted by the almost ceaseless rains—exceptional here in the fall—blame them on the nuclear tests. And, of course, there is the better-grounded fear of radioactive ash. "If Stevenson really means to ban H-bomb tests," say many Japanese, "I'm for him." Intellectuals here, recalling Mr. Stevenson's trip through Asia, consider him sensitive to the historical role being played by that continent in this "transition" century, and as much more qualified than Ike to be the future maker of American policy.

But generally there is indifference and "neutrality." The only major group which seems to hold a strongly

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partisan opinion consists of Japanese financiers and "big business" men; they are for Stevenson and the Democrats. This is not so paradoxical as it might sound to many Americans who identify big business with the Republican Party. Because Japanese financiers are aware that the Japanese economy is dependent upon U. S. policy, the American Presidential election is of special importance to them. And they feel that Japan has suffered severely under trade restrictions imposed by the Republican Administration (for example, in textile and canned-goods exports to the United States). Moreover, they want the untrammeled right of trade with Communist China and Southeast Asia—and for this, they say, Stevenson holds out more hope than Eisenhower.

WEST GERMANY

By Carolus

Bonn

THE AVERAGE West German shrugs indifferently when asked whether he prefers Eisenhower or Stevenson to win the U. S. Presidential election. The American movie, *Rock Around the Clock*, now making the rounds of West German theatres under the meaningful title of *Ausser Rand und Band* (Quite Out of Focus) has attracted ten times as much attention as the American campaign. The press publishes many political reports from America, but they are mostly a rehash of the hand-outs of both candidates. No bourgeois paper has dared so far to take a definite stand in favor of either the Republicans or the Democrats.

Yet these are misleading surface impressions. Once the foreign observer enters into a serious discussion of the personalities of the candidates or the platform of the parties, he finds the Germans both interested and knowledgeable. Their indifference is revealed as a pretense—a symptom of the great loss of moral and political prestige that the United States has suffered here. The Germans, from Adenauer to the ordinary worker, no longer expect anything from Washington, politically or militarily.

Whatever the sins of its internal policy, the Adenauer regime was wrecked primarily by its adherence to Dulles' "policy of strength" and the West German remilitarization program. At least 80 per cent of the German people reject remilitarization. No *Rock and Roll* film is required here to produce youth riots; whenever the soldiers of the new army show themselves in public, they are mobbed and sometimes bodily attacked. An official order forbids them to appear in uniform at public festivities and ceremonies—for their own protection.

The other Dulles-Adenauer policy —that of "negotiating from strength" with Russia—has proved an equally abysmal failure. The reunification of Germany which was expected to follow from it now looks less likely than ever. And so the West Germans are beginning to take the matter out of the hands of Dulles and Adenauer and to act independently. Social Democrats and the Free Democrats, the party of big business which left Adenauer's sinking ship some time ago, press for relations with East Germany and the satellite countries.

One of the most respected men of the government coalition told me: "Under Stevenson there will be no Dulles." He might have added the obvious: "There would be no Dulles without Eisenhower." But if the West German ruling class, risen once more to wealth and power, has no use for Dulles, it also has no use for Stevenson and the welfare state the Democratic candidate wants to lead. That is why they shrug expressively over the American Presidential election. The West German bourgeoisie is hankering after new gods and new markets—and neither of these is to be found in the West.

There remain the Social Democrats, who have long opposed Dulles and his policies. Behind the President, whom they respect as a man of unimpeachable integrity and an undoubted desire for peace, they see the figures of Dulles, McCarthy and the business tycoons. It is hardly surprising, therefore, that their hopes center on Stevenson, whom they believe could restore America's lost prestige as the symbol of peace, freedom and social democracy.

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AUSTRALIA

By W. Macmahon Ball

Melbourne

MOST Australians, I am sad to report, are not greatly interested in the Presidential election. Everyone, of course, knows who Ike is, and feels a strong personal liking and respect for him. But to most Australians the names Nixon, Stevenson and Kefauver ring no bell. There is less election news and comment in the Australian press than usual. This is partly because Suez has been taking so much space, and on this issue it is the brinkmanship of Sir Anthony Eden—not of Mr. Dulles—that grips anxious attention. In any case, Australian interest in American politics is mainly a concern with foreign policy, and even this interest fluctuates with changes in the international situation. In 1948 the Berlin blockade and in 1952 the Korean war created critical situations and a correspondingly acute interest in how America faced them. But no one seriously expects a war over Suez and with the general easing of world tension American foreign policy does not now arouse such widespread, urgent interest.

Hence active interest in the U. S. election is confined to a small minority. Even among these, I think, the contest is seen mainly in personal rather than in party terms. Australian observers of American politics have always found it hard to distinguish sharply between the interests and policies of the two major parties, though they have the general impression that the Republicans are rather more conservative and more strongly influenced by big

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business than the Democrats. If this contest were not complicated by Mr. Eisenhower's health, I think it probable that most Australian business men with contacts and interests in the United States would support Eisenhower and most professional and academic people Stevenson, with an overall majority for Eisenhower. The President was winning increasing admiration and support in Australia for his international policies, for the sincerity of his Geneva pilgrimage and his restraint in the Far East. But there is widespread anxiety that his health may not stand the strain of another four years of office and his victory might therefore mean Mr. Nixon as President.

It would be going too far to say that there is distrust of Mr. Nixon, but I think it would be fair to say that Australian observers would be doubtful whether, on his showing to date, he possesses the exceptional qualities of mind and character that we hope for, however unreasonably, in the man whose office gives him more power than any other man in the world. For this reason I think it likely that the balance of reasonably informed Australians would at the moment favor the Democrats, particularly since they picture Mr. Stevenson as a highly civilized, intelligent and responsible person.

MILLION-DOLLAR MIX-UP

California's "No. 4".. by GENE MARINE

San Francisco

JUST BEFORE the 1952 elections, Californians were confronted with hundreds of billboards on which a frail mother sheltered a frightened child from a number of menaces: a fierce-looking rodent, a gangster with a tommygun, the face of Joseph Stalin. Beneath the pictures appeared the word "RATS!" But a gray "X" was superimposed over the rat, the hood and the Russian, as if to show that they could be defeated; and underneath, the voter was told how to protect the terrified mother: Vote NO on 13.

Proposition 13, as it happened, was an attempt to repeal California's silly cross-filing law, and had nothing to do with hoodlums, Comrade Stalin or pest control. But Artie Samish and his "Happyland Committee," sponsors of the poster, had learned early that Californians like their electioneering to be in simple, black-and-white terms, and preferably as irrelevant as possible. Proposition 13 was defeated.

Liquor lobbyist Samish is gone now, but irrelevant campaigns backed by huge sums of money continue. This year Californians have Proposition 4—known to one newsman as "The Creature from the Black Lagoon" because the horror-movie creature has all sorts of weird appendages, and nobody knows what it really is. The "Black Lagoon" reference is appropriate, too: Proposition 4 is about California's oil.

I'm not ashamed to admit that I don't understand the pages-long Proposition. The attorney general of California, Edmund G. ("Pat") Brown, was asked for an opinion on a couple of side issues raised by it ("only peripheral and sometimes relatively minor phases of the proposition," in his own words), and took thirty-six single-spaced pages to deliver it. In these thirty-six pages, one finds such phrases as "depends upon geological information . . . which is not presently available"; "difficulty of foreseeing all the legal questions"; "we do not presently know the facts . . . upon which the answers . . . will largely depend"; ". . . doubtful and perhaps cannot be resolved without litigation."

The Yes-on-4-minded San Francisco *Chronicle,* arguing that it's really a pretty simple thing after all ("lawyers complicate it"), took one small portion of the Proposition, gave a one-paragraph explanation, and then conceded: "After . . . that reasonably simple overall statement, it must be admitted that one can't go much farther into the matter without going beyond the legal and engineering range of the ordinary citizen."

This much can be said: the measure is a proposal for self-regulation of the petroleum industry in California. It provides, in part, that 75 per cent of the operators in any one "oil pool" can decide what the rate of production in that pool shall be, and the other 25 per cent have to go along. This is what the measure calls a "unit-production" system. The state, according to the proposal, may interfere or regulate only if it has "clear and convincing evidence" that in spite of the unit agreement, oil or gas is being wasted.

But the "unit-operation" provision applies to state lands as well as private lands—and that includes the widely advertised "submerged lands" that the 1953 Republican Congress handed over to the state of California. The thirty-six-page opinion of the attorney general was concerned solely with the effect of Proposition 4 on the state's rights to its own oil. For example, the opinion put one "peripheral" question in these words: "Who has the authority to determine and pass upon the adequacy of specific measures for the prevention of waste in the state's lands? The State Lands Commission, as lessor? Or the lessees, acting under a [unit] agreement?" It was this question to which Brown and his aides could only reply, "The answer . . . is doubtful and perhaps cannot be resolved without litigation."

Later, Brown noted that it was possible for *unleased* state-owned lands, including submerged lands, to

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be brought into a "unitized" pool operation without the state's consent, and that such lands could even be drilled by private interests without the state's consent. This, too, would depend on interpretation and on "geological and technical data not presently available."

Plainly there is more here than can possibly be clear to the untrained eye, and ramifications that reach from the Supreme Court to somewhere East of Suez. To take another single example: the measure involves the possibility of certain oil companies, while controlling California production through "unit agreements," simultaneously importing oil from the Middle East. The State Federation of Labor, opposing the Proposition, argued that it would not only throw oil workers out of jobs, but perhaps "adversely affect employment and working standards of American sailors and shipyard workers" as well as of workers in "secondary, supporting industries." The federation estimated the job loss as "10,000 oil-field workers and 30,000 workers in supplying and servicing industries."

IN THE face of all this complexity —a complexity barely hinted at here—the average California voter knows that Proposition 4 has something to do with oil. He may associate it with "conservation," and he possibly realizes that major oil companies are lined up in its favor. He probably does not realize that opponents include not only the Union Oil Company and the Signal Oil Company, but also the famous Superior Oil Company, whose officers were involved in the widely publicized $2,500 "donation" to Senator Case just before the vote on the natural-gas bill.

But unless he is deaf and blind, the voter must know that both sides want his vote pretty badly. On September 28, California's secretary of state revealed that the Yes-on-4 campaign had spent, *to that date,* nearly $985,000; the proposal's opponents, $575,000. According to the *Chronicle,* furthermore, "the law does not require personal statements from individuals who spend their own money . . . nor does it demand an accounting of the sums spent by both sides for 'educational campaigns' in the months before Proposition 4 was officially drawn up." The "Vote No" campaign is in the hands of San Francisco publicist Harry Lerner; the "Vote Yes" appeals are directed by Whitaker and Baxter, best remembered for the campaign against "socialized medicine" which earned them three million dollars from the American Medical Association.

Some of the expenditures not listed were discussed in a hearing last June in Los Angeles. The president of Richfield Oil told a state assembly subcommittee that his company, Standard Oil, and others had already spent, at that time, "in the neighborhood of a million, maybe two" in a long-term effort to predispose voters toward an "oil-conservation law."

One of the early moves in the campaign for Proposition 4 was the sponsorship by Richfield of a folksy TV series called "Mayor of the Town." After each week's episode, the show's star, actor Thomas Mitchell, made a few pious remarks about the need for conserving natural resources; the commercials plugged no Richfield products, but made it clear that Richfield's sponsorship was "a public service" to encourage interest in conservation. Whitaker and Baxter shrewdly keyed the first stage of their campaign to identifying the measure with conservation. The Proposition was given the title "Oil and Gas Conservation Act," and it will be so described on the ballot.

IN THE MEANTIME, the firm of Whitaker and Baxter was paying $182,500 to Joseph Robinson and Company, a San Francisco company which specializes in getting signatures on petitions. The decision had been made to put the measure forth as an initiative, on the ballot, instead of trying to have it passed by the Legislature—a procedure which requires a popular petition as the first step.

Various explanations have been offered for this decision. The *Chronicle* loftily noted that "Anyone with political sophistication" knew why the measure was made an initiative: ". . . To prevent its being weakened and watered down in its essentials by the horse-trading processes of the Legislature." A less kindly view is that the measure might not have stood up under the glaring light of committee consideration if a series of full-fledged legislative hearings were held.

The attorney general pointed out another factor: an initiative measure, once passed, cannot be amended except through another initiative. "By its express terms," Brown's opinion pointed out, "Section 20 of Proposition No. 4 does not permit the Legislature to amend any of the provisions" dealing with state lands. Later he noted that similar provisions exist with regard to other portions of the measure.

Proponents are having trouble avoiding a head-on collision among themselves on the initiative question. One group argues democratically that "the final legislators are the people"—a quotation from Edmund Burke (who was, incidentally, not the most democratic of men). Another group argues that it is silly to expect voters to understand the details of regulating so complex an industry, but that the "overall proposal" is essentially simple and desirable. Presumably the voters will have to take their word for this.

WHILE proponents were pounding heavily at the purr-word "conservation," opponents came up with an equally potent snarl-word: "Monopoly." On a trip last month through the northern part of the state, I saw the same sign again and again, posted on farmlands adjoining the highway. "Fight Standard Oil's control scheme!" it shouted. "Vote NO on 4!" On city billboards, an image of an extremely repulsive hog, labelled "oil monopoly," made its pictorial point. No argument was provided—merely a rallying cry.

In the customary fashion of election-minded groups everywhere, both sides began forming "Independent Citizens' Committees" by the dozens —and out of those organized by the opponents, a new image came: The battle over Proposition 4, it seemed, was a battle between the big oil companies — Standard, Shell, Gen-

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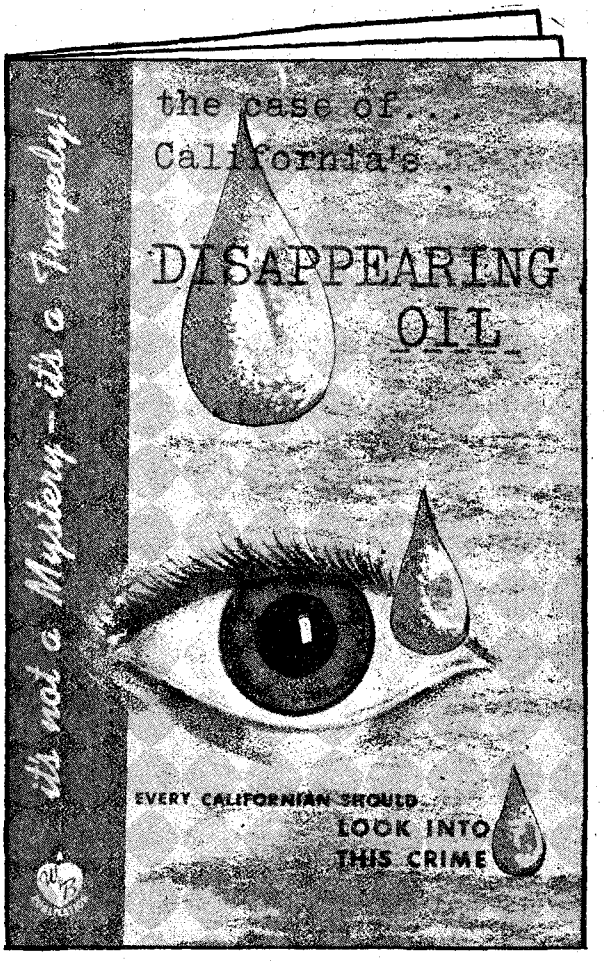
eral Petroleum, etc.— and the "little independents," who were being "pushed to the wall" by the "control scheme." This image gained quite a bit of circulation, ludicrous as might be the idea of such "little independents" as Union, Superior and Signal. Plainly, if the "underdog vote" was not to prevail, the proponents and their advertising consultants had to come up with something new.

They did. Without letting up on "conservation," they came up with a new series of billboards (black backgrounds, light-reflecting green and orange letters): "Keep Gas Prices Down. Vote YES on 4." This argument—almost as remote as Artie Samish's gangsters and pictures of Stalin—appears now not only on billboards, but on the sidewalk adboards in the service stations of Shell, Associated, and General Petroleum.

Meanwhile, on television, the opponents had improved on their hog in the most obvious way: two hogs, one standing at each end of the word "MONOPOLY." While the viewer watches, the hogs begin to gobble up the word until only "NO" is left. Out on the streets again, the hog, drinking oil now, is emphasizing the message that passage of Proposition 4 will mean *higher* gas prices (this latest billboard may be setting a dangerous trend in California politics; it has several lines of words).

IN THE midst of all this loud irrelevance, where are the people who are supposed to represent the public? The press has said a good deal for (or against) the proposal, but very little *about* it. Governor Goodwin Knight is actually attempting to make a virtue of neutrality. The Democratic Party of California, in a meeting of its principal leaders, decided to take no position on the proposal — a decision, however, that almost split the group irrevocably at a time when it needed all the unity possible. Strong forces wanted to oppose the Proposition, as evidenced by the fact that the state's leading Democrat, the attorney general himself, came out publicly against it on September 27. His



reasons? It would give oil operators "an advantage over the state," it does not go far enough toward effective conservation, it removes conservation control from the people, and — because it is an initiative proposition — it would freeze oil-regulation law just when the submerged lands are beginning to be developed.

The attorney general's statement, of course, was hailed by the measure's opponents, which made for a strange lineup. For most opponents of the proposition are opposed because—unlike the attorney general—they want less regulation, not more.

The most recent gun fired in the advertising war was a Whitaker and Baxter pamphlet, "The Case of California's Disappearing Oil" (*see illustration on this page*—Ed.). The pamphlet runs to twenty-eight pages plus cover, and if anyone in California did *not* get one in the mail, I haven't found him. Leone Baxter of Whitaker and Baxter, who wrote the pamphlet, said that it was planned to distribute at least 4,000,000 copies by mail and an additional 250,000 via newsstands (price: 10 cents per copy) at a total cost of close to $100,000.

The Disappearing Oil Case ("It's not a mystery, it's a tragedy") is gotten up in the form of a trial, with Whitaker and Baxter presenting the arguments for both defense and prosecution—a technique making it somewhat easier for the desired side to win. It is almost needless to say that the pro-4 case comes out "The People's Case"; and once again the theme is "conservation."

The pamphlet misses no trick. It claims the support of Frederick Dockweiler, "Los Angeles Democratic leader" (he is usually found leading movements headed "Democrats for ———," the blank to be filled in with the name of almost any Republican candidate). In its mention of newspapers, the pamphlet notes that "seven are opposed, including the *People's World*" (West Coast Communist daily). The measure also claims some labor support, a testimonial from former Interior

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Secretary Douglas McKay (a "noted conservationist"!) and an endorsement from the *South Antelope Valley Press*.

All public statements in favor of the proposal combine two themes which to a layman might seem to be in conflict: one is that it is a conservation bill; the other, that it will increase the production of oil. Nowhere do the proponents mention that under a unit agreement the controlling drillers can *restrict* production as well as boost it.

As nearly as a confused but determined reporter can make out, the proponents are attempting to establish an oil-regulation procedure which they themselves will control and which will give them an advantage over the people; they are determined to put the measure across now because they feel that unless they do, the legislature will pass something which they may not be able to control and which could really restrict their operations in the interest of long-range conservation.

The opponents, on the other hand, seem to fall into three groups. There are those who are opposed to any regulation at all, preferring the present system under which an oil company can despoil an oil field at will. Then there are those who would prefer a bill giving people final control and subordinating the interests of private groups to the general welfare. Finally, there are those who are so completely confused that they are seeking refuge in the *status quo*.

By Election Day, acknowledged expenditures for and against Proposition 4 will have run to at least $3,000,000—an overwhelming record for California. Add several "unofficial" millions, and it's easy to see why a lot of voters, who understand the Proposition not at all, will vote against it simply because they feel that there must be some awfully fat plums waiting for somebody.

This seems an unfortunate line of reasoning on which to base a vote; but the activities of oilmen in politics being what they are, it may be as close to an intelligent position as the irrelevant campaigning will let anyone get.

WHICH WAY HARLEM?

Unity on a Key Issue . . by JOHN O'KEARNEY

THE COUNTRY approaches its Presidential elections in postures of fantasy. Eisenhower's Republicans and Stevenson's Democrats contend for ballots on jerry-built platforms of Peace and Prosperity, or More Peace and More Prosperity, pretending to be unaware that men of good will in millions are rising to assert that government must recognize and act upon the fact that the issue of our time is civil rights.

The Nation set out to enquire what effect the struggle over the Supreme Court's racial segregation order of 1954 is having among the Negroes of the North, specifically in Harlem. Has the incidence of mob violence against integration in the South stirred New York's Negroes to extraordinary political consciousness? Does the Negro, normally neither more nor less political-minded than most of his white fellow citizens, today merit the special concern of both major parties because of "apathy"?

On such issues as the two parties have been able to contrive for public debate, I found the people of Harlem as apathetic as any practical observer would expect. Political interest varies in Harlem as it varies everywhere among the several economic classes. The wretchedly poor are too busy scratching to care about anything else but the prospects of relief from their immediate, clinging wretchedness. The middle group strops its political mind upon the pros and cons of: What's in it for me? Who'll build new schools, hospitals and housing projects? Who's for more pay and broadened opportunity for better jobs? Who's for a non-discriminatory sharing of the city payroll, for cracking down on gouging landlords, for cleaner, safer streets and regular garbage collections? And the upper crust is just sufficiently ill-informed about the processes of political economy to be genuinely perplexed by the opposing claims of office seekers that their machine alone is fit to insure domestic tranquility and to promote the general welfare. The Negro upper crust, like the white, does not know quite how far at sea it is, and is wary about rocking the boat.

Insofar as the Republicans claim credit for peace and prosperity, insofar as the Democrats claim that they could make the one more certain and the other more full, the people of Harlem are apathetic, indeed; but they are in no likelihood of falling into a coma.

IN THE apartment of a Harlem family, the elderly widowed mother of four children quietly discussed the broad issues as Negroes see them. This woman was a postmistress in the South thirty years ago. Her husband had been a school teacher. "We're not looking for anything that would be wrong," she said, "only for what's right. The Constitution says we have the right to vote. In many parts of the South we either can't vote or we can vote only for people who wish us no good." On the issue of school integration, she said she favors the use of force as it was used at Clinton, Tennessee—the force of law sufficient to forestall violence and mob-inspired bloodshed, a force to keep the peace

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and yet to make the law the law. To this woman's son, a highly educated, dedicated worker for Negro rights, effectively organized political action could well be the answer. "The Negro is a *peculiar* person," he said. "He wants to be an American citizen. He doesn't wish to break the law—even to gain his rights."

THE NEGRO, 15,000,000 of him throughout the country, each wanting equality of opportunity as one of his civil rights, is constantly aware that in this prosperous national household his victuals are mainly the left-overs from the white man's plate; that if and when—as is not inconceivable—there are portents of the larder's going bare, he'll be back to grubbing for crumbs beneath the white man's table. Of course, things aren't quite as bad as they used to be; there was a time in Harlem, before the riots of 1943, when the whole length of 125th Street, the area's main thoroughfare, running from river to river across Manhattan Island, had no more than a handful of Negro-owned shops manned by Negro workers. Boycotts and a day of violence have changed that. City jobs as policemen, firemen, teachers, clerks, have opened to the Negro. He drives buses and runs subway trains, and there are scores of other jobs, formerly in the white man's preserve, now available to him. Wars have forced changes upon the pattern of race relations—wars and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. The gates are opening, but the walls of the ghetto are far from down in this Year of Emancipation, XCIII.

Almost a century has gone since Lincoln's proclamation, since enactment of the Fourteenth Amendment, but in substance the complaint concerning the deprivation of civil rights is valid still. Here and there, in this little thing or that, says the Negro, changes for the better have occurred, but over the whole nation, North as well as South, the opprobrious name of "nigger" is still uttered in condescension or in hate, testifying to the unreadiness of most whites to grant anything to the Negro out of right. What the Negro has gained since Reconstruction, he has gained through pressure of one kind or another. Recognition of this fact is spreading over the whole Negro community. "We have come," said a Negro trade-union leader, "to the brink of the lack of fear. The rank-and-file are saying: 'Whatever comes, we'll face it.' The time has come to complete the Civil War."

In Harlem, as in Negro communities elsewhere, forces are rallying in support of those on the combat fronts in the struggle for civil rights. The Montgomery bus boycott got immediate advisory and financial aid. Northern Negro leaders are in close touch with the tense situation in Birmingham, where the NAACP is under fire and Negroes, fearful of Ku Klux Klan and White Citizens Council outrages, have barricaded their homes and carry shotguns with them in their cars. Money, food and clothing have been raised in Harlem for the past three years for Negroes of Clarendon County, South Carolina, whose action in seeking a U. S. Supreme Court ruling on integration brought down upon them White Council economic sanctions that have driven many to the edge of starvation. (White landlords previously content to get their rent in harvest fields are now demanding cash; so are the country stores which from time immemorial have been selling to farmers on credit.)

It is told of the 1943 riots that, as Harlemites ranged through the streets smashing store fronts and pillaging, Chinese laundrymen pasted crude placards on their windows, reading: "Me colored too"; and that the signs saved them. That bond of "me colored too" is the key to Harlem thought and action even more surely now than it was then. Ultimately the Negro will be content with nothing less than all that was promised to him, *as a citizen,* by Article IV of the Constitution, which declared that "The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several states."

A SENTIENT understanding of the spurious grounds of the white man's prejudice is now coming to the Negro almost in his cradle. Illustration: In a Harlem classrom, Negro children of nine and ten discuss current events. A girl refers to a newspaper story of a *white* woman jailed in Baltimore because she had borne a child by a Negro. There is something incomprehensible about this. Apparently the tables have been turned upside down. Is it not always the Negro who gets hit by the police? A classmate offers an explanation. The police did not go after the Negro man in this case, he says, because it was taken for granted that he was ignorant, irresponsible, "couldn't know any better" than to have broken the law. Wide-eyed nodding heads accept this interpretation of the white man's thinking as indubitably correct.

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Attending this understanding of erratic prejudice is a growing pride in the achievements of the colored world abroad. Teachers report their pupil's intense interest (however fragmentary their knowledge) in the affairs of Egypt, black Africa, India, Indonesia and China—an interest awakened by the talk of adults at home. The grownups, indignant about—sometimes contemptuous of —federal sufferance of the efforts of White Citizens Council mobs and of state legislatures to flout the integration order, are finding a patch of comfort in "colored" Egypt's seizure of the Suez Canal. And in candid discussions in private homes, and even in barrooms and quiet shops, one often notes outspoken sympathy for Soviet Russia. As one man put it: "Only in Russia, among white nations, can a black man walk in the streets with people who don't make a point of being white."

Harlemites would give India unstinted aid, firm in the belief that it would be used for the good of common folk. They would have Communist China in the United Nations, and have Washington grant her full recognition; for, said a spokesman, "It's absurd to attempt to isolate 600,000,000 people, foolish not to trade with them; and above all, *with us it's a matter of color!*"

This avowed sense of unity with peoples of all shades of color (except, for the moment, with the white man's pink) should be sufficient to convince the European-American that his Afro-American fellow citizens are capable of taking powerful and coherent political action. "There is nothing," said one, "that happens in the South that does not in a measure happen to all of us." And yet another Harlemite, this one a middle-aged woman, said of her neighbors: "Every time something goes wrong down South, it fills 'em up. They're jus' waitin' . . . jus' waitin'."

IN NOT MORE than two Negroes out of scores did I find aggressive hostility to the white man. One of these calmly said that he had had the treasonable wish that Japan would beat us in World War II. The other, a man met in the street who said he was a teacher, uncovered his hostility by spitting scorn on the notion that race differences exist at all—even as a concept for the convenience of ethnographers. A third man, a gentleman and a scholar, plated with a stoic humor, said he was at a loss to know how to deal with the European-American. The white American's capacity for being un-Christian, he said, could not be measured, nor the depth of his bigotry fathomed; he pursues his bigoted way with a "ferocity" that leads one to the conclusion—against the dictates of reason—"that there must be something biologically wrong with him." "If this be true," my acquaintance said, laughing, "it would be a sort of reversal of our respective positions."

This third man's judgment is harsh, but it's been heard before. Frederick Douglass, Negro fighter for freedom, was invited to address the citizenry of his home town of Rochester on July 4, 1852. "What to the slave is the Fourth of July?" he asked, and ended his address:

> Go where you may, search where you will, roam through all the monarchies and despotisms of the Old World, travel through South America, search out every abuse, and when you have found the last, lay your facts by the side of the everyday practices of this nation, and you will say with me that, for revolting barbarity and shameless hypocrisy, America reigns without a rival.

The citizens erected a monument to his memory.

THE struggle is no longer a struggle of slaves in chains under the whip, but so long as the Negro has been denied the civil rights that were not his rights because he was a slave, but ought to have become his rights as a freed man, he is shackled still. What in Harlem is he going to do about it, come Election Day next month?

In 1952, Harlem voted for Stevenson by four to one, largely because the Democratic machine has controlled the vote there since 1932. This year, independent Negro observers predict a shift, but they differ on its direction. One school says that 8 to 12 per cent of the Democratic Negro vote will go GOP, not because Eisenhower is gaining favor over Stevenson, but because the Negro wants to elect a Republican Senate which would get rid of Senator Eastland of Mississippi as chairman of the Judiciary Committee. This view holds that the Negroes want a GOP victory even at the cost of delaying the retirement of FBI chief J. Edgar Hoover, who in Harlem opinion would be better employed in chasing down racist rabble-rousers than in pursuing Communists — "those horsemen without a horse."

The other school thinks the shift will be the other way because Negroes have come to believe that a Stevenson in the White House would be "more amenable" than an Eisenhower. An executive of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, a union which has influence considerably out of proportion to its 18,000 membership, put it this way: "The Negro has been disaffected by the GOP. We cannot have confidence in our President. Responsible groups could always get in to talk with Franklin Roosevelt—and with Truman. For three years, responsible groups in convention have asked to meet with the President. On four occasions he sent liaison officers to find out why, but nothing ever happened. Stevenson, we feel, would be more approachable."

SO GO THE analyses. Meanwhile Negroes of both major parties have carried on an intensive registration campaign aimed at getting out 2,000,000 new Negro voters on November 6. They have 6,000,000 potential voters in the whole field, about 40 per cent of whom cast ballots in 1952.

In Harlem itself, young men and women formed an Independent Citizens Committee for Encouragement of Registration. This group, so the thinking goes, may become the core of partisan action in 1960, an instrument for electing a citizens' candidate to Congress. But there is no intention of forming a permanent Negro Party. This the Negro abjures. He does not want separate political strength. He wants integration, political assimilation, identity with the white man's established parties. He wants his civil rights.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

The Winter of Statesmanship

THE CAUSE OF JAPAN. By Togo Shigenori, translated and edited by Togo Fumihiko and Ben Bruce Blakeney. Simon and Schuster. $5.

UNITED STATES FOREIGN POLICY 1945-1955. By William Reitzel, Morton A. Kaplan, Constance G. Coblenz. Brookings Institution. $4.50.

By O. Edmund Clubb

THESE TWO BOOKS complement each other all too well. Togo Shigenori, who was Japanese Foreign Minister at the beginning and end of the Pacific War, records an Oriental view of American foreign policy from 1941 to 1945. The Brookings staff researchers analyze that same foreign policy in its post-war aspects. The policy itself shows a spiritual continuity that must be termed alarming.

The Battle of Manila Bay (1898) made the United States a world power and projected the American feeling of "Manifest Destiny," born of the Mexican War, into East Asia. The Battle of Tsushima (1905), in which the Japanese Navy destroyed the Russian Baltic Fleet, established Japan as a first-rank contender for dominance in East Asia. Japan, too, was feeling the goad of "destiny." Soon after the Russo-Japanese War the United States and Japan began the long struggle for supremacy in the West Pacific. The United States developed a policy of intervention in Asian affairs that had its crowning expression in the Stimson Doctrine of 1932, as then addressed to China and Japan regarding the current hostilities in Manchuria: "the American Government . . . cannot admit the legality of *any situation, treaty or agreement* [emphasis supplied] which may be brought about by means contrary to the covenants and obligations of the [1928] Pact of Paris." Asia would be our ward. But the Japanese design, as given final form by Foreign Minister Arita's enunciation in June 1940 of the "Greater East Asia" concept, was that *Japan* should have the lead role in both East Asia and the South Seas. The rivals faced each other.

Togo takes up the story at a point when the long contention was nearing explosion point: he became Foreign Minister when a new Japanese government was formed on October 18, 1941. He lightly sketches the history of American-Japanese relations, and shows the building up of the crisis against that background. From his account there emerges the thesis (which has some contradictions in the telling) that the United States by its rigidity bore its full share of responsibility for the 1941 deadlock; that Secretary of State Hull's note of November 26, 1941, "was handed to Japan in the calculated expectation that it would by no possibility be accepted by her, and that the negotiations would be ruptured and the rupture followed by war. . . ."

That is one side of the coin. It must also be recalled that Japan had advanced along the imperial road of conquest by way of the Sino-Japanese War of 1894-95, the Russo-Japanese War, and World War I with much profit to itself, and since 1937 had been engaged in its second war with China. It was joined with Germany and Italy in the Tripartite Pact of September 1940; and there is plenty of evidence that the Japanese military viewed the situation developing out of the European War as offering Japan a heaven-sent opportunity. The Japanese were no babes in the wood.

Nor is the general charge levelled by Togo new. The Roberts Commission, a joint Congressional committee, and various American scholars have probed with great thoroughness into the circumstances surrounding our entry into World War II via Pearl Harbor. What would have happened if President Roosevelt had accepted Premier Konoye's invitation to confer personally with him on outstanding problems, "in a peaceful spirit?" We shall never know. Why did Hull at the eleventh hour discard the draft modus vivendi he had already prepared and present the Japanese envoys instead with a ten-point program for general settlement which was obviously impossible for Japan to accept? Hull's own explanation emphasized "the opposition of the Chinese Government" to the modus vivendi, and "the wide publicity of the [American] opposition. . . ." But dominating the situation in any case was the decision of a Japanese Imperial Conference of July 2 to continue to push southward, even at the risk of war with Britain and the United States.

SO THE two countries went to war. Togo resigned his office in 1942, but again became Foreign Minister in April, 1945. He relates how Japan failed both to get the Soviet Union to mediate for a negotiated peace, and to keep that country out of the Pacific War. It is evident that there was never a chance: Japan offered too little, too late. After the A-bombing and Soviet entry into the war, Japan surrendered. Togo himself was condemned as a "war criminal," and died in prison a few days after completing his manuscript.

Togo's book is of unusual interest for the light it sheds on Tokyo's crucial decision-making. It is significant, further, for its criticism of American rigidity. And Togo put his finger on a vital point when he said that "It is evident that the Hull Note was an implementation of the concept underlying the Nine Power Treaty [of 1922] and the Stimson Doctrine." The United States had insisted that Asia, for all its changes,

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O. EDMUND CLUBB, a retired American Foreign Service officer, spent twenty years in Far Eastern posts.

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should fit an earlier American design.

THE BROOKINGS study, careful and sober, carries the story on. The old enemies are prostrate, but a new one appears; the power struggle continues. Given the conflict between American and Soviet policies, the U. S. Government in 1946 took up the concept of "bipolarity" of the international system: it saw "The world . . . split into two power groupings, in each of which a single state—in one case, the Soviet Union, in the other, the United States—played a predominant role. . . ." The concept omitted "the testing of situations to see if compromise were possible in specific policy areas."

The United States thereafter developed its world strategy accordingly. It undertook to organize all "free nations" against "Communism," and manipulated the United Nations in service of American policies. After the Korean aggression of 1950, it undertook rapid re-armament—and its foreign-aid programs assumed an increasingly military character. Announcement of the Truman Doctrine of 1947 established a precedent for by-passing the United Nations. American unilateralism took on its ultimate form in the 1954 doctrine of "massive retaliation" by virtue of which the United States, regardless of both coalition responsibilities and the UN Charter, threatened to retaliate against the enemy "by means and at places of our own choosing."

The authors, looking at present U. S. policy, find that "the essential policy pattern of the past decade is still considered applicable," and that "the international system still seems to be conceived as tending toward bipolarity." But at this point they disagree with our national leaders. Their own conclusion is that, "at some point in the mid-1950s, a reverse trend, an evolution away from bipolarity, began." And—cautiously—"There is considerable reason to think that much that has guided United States action in the past ten years will have to be reassessed."

Concluding their excellent analysis—mandatory reading for all students of American foreign policy—the writers suggest that the reappraisal will not be easy, that there is "a period of danger to be surmounted." Their work does not reveal the full extent of our embarrassment. They largely omit consideration of the quality of American statesmanship—the experience, skills and imaginativeness of American policy makers. There is no sustained effort to measure the influence of alien and domestic pressure groups on the fashioning of our foreign policy. In fact, the most direct approach to those matters comes in a footnote:

"In the course of a long struggle with a fragmented public opinion, a struggle that reached its crisis in a concerted attack on the integrity of high government officials, the administration won the battles, but was stalemated in the struggle. In general as it made adjustments to a varied

BERTRAND RUSSELL

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opposition, it lost its previous power to lead opinion and its freedom to develop real policy alternatives. The gradual narrowing, under domestic political pressures, of the possibility of making rational choices among courses of action became in itself a major problem of United States foreign policy."

There is the root cause of our present difficulty. In 1941, Hull "made adjustments to a varied opposition" and took up an extreme position in the American-Japanese negotiations. In 1956, the United States is found committed inflexibly to a concept of "bipolarity" that brings it more and more into conflict with friend as well as foe. Time presses, the initiative passes from us, but we make no move to adjust to the changing world about us. For, thanks largely to "domestic political pressures," the U. S. is today without alternative in its foreign affairs.

Looking Glass Politics

THE LOOKING GLASS CONFERENCE. By Godfrey Blunden. Vanguard. $3.75.

THE FOREIGN MINISTER. By Leo Lania. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

By William Bittner

EVERY few weeks some work of competent fiction is published and, thinking of the dull pieces of hack work in competition with it, the reviewers gush out adjectives that can properly be applied to only a few novels in each century. What can a poor reviewer do? Godfrey Blunden's *The Looking Glass Conference* and Leo Lania's *The Foreign Minister* are "great" not only in comparison with everything else published in the same week but with all the books of the month; yet alongside Kafka, Joyce, or even Virgil Georghiu, they are ephemeral fictional journalism, journalism of a very high class, but judged by the canons of the novel, not even in the running.

Through the Looking Glass, one of the permanently great books, is among other things, a vast satiric manipulation of perspectives. *The Looking Glass Conference* foreshortens from various angles an international conference—clearly the pre-summit one on Indochina—and demonstrates that high diplomacy has developed so effective methods for muddling motives and intentions that the only people not confused are the career diplomats whose motives are simply personal advantage.

A conference would seem sensible only insofar as the opposing sides had faith in each other's sincerity; yet General Flic, police chief of Colmo (the location of the conference) reported to Sir Peter Hotfoot, of British Intelligence, that for forty-two official delegates there were over 500 secret service operatives; from the United States ten FBI men, six CIA, three from Justice including one Immigration Service man, twenty-five Army, one Navy, eight Air Force, two Free World Committee, four Veterans of Foreign Wars, and Pinkerton men without number.

A good satirist does not take sides but finds all equally ridiculous; satire, as well, describes a status and is not concerned with how we can get out of it. On both these counts Mr. Blunden shows himself a master of his trade. Nevertheless, *The Looking Glass Conference* is less satisfying than his melodramatic novels, *A Room on the Route* and *The Time of the Assassins*. I suspect that he is not so impartial as he would wish to be, and this time he tried too hard. A satirist is a diabolist, taking pleasure in the evil generated by man. Mr. Blunden obviously believes in the man of good will; it is an admirable trait, but one that for satire will never do.

It is not difficult to discern the real figures and places that he has given the absurd names of Secretary of State Fogbottom, Foreign Secretary Albion Asp, or the warring governments of Inevitable Khaos and Incredible Khaos. The sane people at this mad teaparty are Mr. Supergong, a Khaotian patriot who stages a treesitting strike and interrupts whatever is going on when it is time for his calisthenics, and two Soviet artists who were inadvertently flown in by a pilot escaping from behind the iron curtain and never become fully aware that they are out of Russia. It is as if the kitten, rather than Alice, went through the looking glass, and the chesspieces turned out to be real people.

ALTHOUGH *The Foreign Minister* is more faithful to its genre— the melodramatic interpretation of a current event—it is less interesting by several notches than the satire. The coup in Czechoslovakia was the worst blow that the liberal point of view has received since the fall of the Weimar Republic. Nevertheless this fictional account of the tragedy of Eduard Benes, although embellished by a symbolic background that makes the Foreign Minister stand for the whole Czech anti-authoritarian movement, simply fails to explain the real events. From beginning to end, the Minister is a victim as much as if he were a fish in a net.

Five years ago Stefan Heym wrote

A Citizen Looks at the Female Figures on an Ancient Jar

He'd have been gentle
Owning you,
Dead slave girls—
Always he'd have been
Like saying please.

You maybe even—
After a fashion—
He'd have let
Be tyrants.

Three days each month
He'd have done the singing.

Oil-scented
Flutterlike
Secretly germ-laden

Brought from what far villages?
How tested by experts?

Prime matter of motherhood
Forever unpossessed in life
As now in death—
Toys for a king-sick king.

KENNETH BURKE

WILLIAM BITTNER is a lecturer in literature at the New School for Social Research. He is completing a critical study of Waldo Frank.

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The Eyes of Reason, that describes the same occurrence from the opposite side, then joined the small group of fictional journalists whose work is taboo to the established publishers. For all its bias, Heym's book comes closer to establishing the motivations of those who supported the coup and the errors of those who opposed it. In both books the native professional Communists and the routine-drugged bureaucrats are made figures of evil. Leo Lania's book intensifies the evil in these figures and makes more tragic those who supported the coalition; a tragic resolution is always more moving than a hopeful expectation. But Lania's ending is cheapened by an irrelevant attempt to answer the question: "Did he jump—or was he pushed?"

A work of art has a life of its own. It may have an influence on events, but the greatness of, let us say, Shakespeare's *Richard II* is irrelevant to its success or failure in stirring support for Essex's abortive rebellion against Elizabeth. Historians who restore the reputation of Richard III subtract not one whit from the value of Shakespeare's play about him. Swift remains our greatest master of prose, even though the evils that inspire him have long since given way to other ramifications of human folly.

Literary journalism, on the other hand, is important for the effect it has and for its accuracy as reportage. It should be judged against such a standard as *The Journal of the Plague Years* or *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, that moved popular opinion against slavery after the writings of Emerson and Thoreau, and the deeds of John Brown, had failed. Even on that scale, these new books do not stand very high; but they look down from a considerable distance onto the vapid best sellers that have nothing to say, on gynecological Frenchwomen, and on the fancy dress party of historical fiction.

Haymarket in Retrospect

THE HAYMARKET RIOT. By Ernest Bloomfield Zeisler. Alexander J. Isaacs. $2.

By Elmer Gertz

SEVENTY YEARS AGO the Haymarket bomb was exploded in Chicago; and, to a decreasing degree, the intonation is still felt. In the pre-New Deal days, it seemed that the case would always remain in the consciousness of sensitive people as a reminder of what happens when a militant labor movement collides with a ruling group unwilling to make concessions. Today, more than ever, we assume that the ballot, rather than bullets or bombs, is the answer to anything that ails the body politic. It comes almost as a shock that another book—even a short one—has been written on the Haymarket Riot.

The book, appropriately, is by the son of Sigmund Zeisler, the courageous young immigrant lawyer who dared to take upon himself and his associates the defense of Spies, Parsons, Lingg and the other anarchist defendants. Thirty years ago, Sigmund Zeisler had finally given his reminiscences of the famous case before the Chicago Literary Club, which subsequently published his talk in a volume of less than forty pages. The elder Zeisler left many things unsaid, particularly the identity of the man who actually threw the bomb.

"I would give my right arm to know who threw the bomb!" Ernest Zeisler quotes his father as saying to him, his voice shaking with emotion. He had been promised the facts by Dr. Ernest Schmidt, who was in the position to know, because of his peculiar relationship to all elements of the German community. "I can't tell you now, but I promise I will tell you before I die," Dr. Schmidt had said to his compatriot Zeisler; but he died without telling. Ernest Zeisler reveals that the secret did not die with him. He had told his son, Dr. Otto Schmidt, who in turn told it to the author of this book.

The man was Rudolph Schnaubelt, initially identified by the Chicago police as the bomb thrower and subsequently cast in that role by Frank Harris in his celebrated novel, *The Bomb*. It is surprising to find Harris so right on a basic point, but in many of the other factual details of his novel he was as wrong as usual.

The other major contribution of Ernest Zeisler is the pin-pointing of proof that the Chicago *Tribune* had urged that the defendants should be lynched rather than tried. This was in the same general period in which Medill's paper had advocated the poisoning of tramps.

This book is a corrective to some of the shriller accounts of a case that will always have a place in the social and legal history of our country.

ELMER GERTZ, a Chicago lawyer, is the author of a life of Frank Harris.

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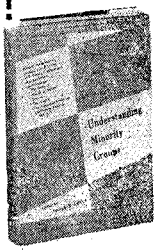

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THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THE LOUD RED PATRICK by John Boruff from a book by Ruth McKenny (Ambassador Theatre), is pleasantly corny. I have a taste for corn when nicely served.

To identify this particular brand, one might say that it stems from *Life With Father* with little touches of retrospective "social" discussion (woman's status in Cleveland, 1912) reminiscent of *The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker.* Such plays are not meant to reflect reality; they are part of a sentimental tradition in which our literature reflects what we are pleased to fancy our life was like before 1917. Large traces of this tradition may be found not only in our movies *(St. Louis Story* et al), but in Thornton Wilder's plays, in O'Neill's *Ah, Wilderness!* as well as in Booth Tarkington and his lesser imitators.

It is a little silly to depreciate such a play as old-fashioned: its chief charm is that it is old-fashioned, and it is as much part of our folklore as the soppily cynical sex farce is in France, or as are thousands of our popular songs.

Patrick is well played by the entire cast—which includes Arthur Kennedy and a promising youngster named James Congdon. Particularly ingratiating is David Wayne—a comedian in the style of the old vaudeville actors of the palmy days—delightfully balmy and clownish in a way that might be described as rurally metropolitan. Such actors are among the best as well as the most truly indigenous our country has produced.

THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE by William Douglas Home (Henry Miller Theatre) is in its way just as stylized an image of comfortable English middle class family life at present as is *Patrick* of our life yesterday or *The Moon Is Blue* today.

Mr. Home's play is slighter than slight—mama wants to marry off her seventeen-year-old daughter while papa stands amusedly and helpfully by—but it has a gentle, breezy whimsicality, a species of agreeable nonsense humor based on the solid rock of English common sense. (Some years ago Clare Kummer used to write American plays of this sort.) Its relation to reality is oblique; the facts are tricked up but the spirit is true—true, that is, to a certain attractive aspect of the English mentality. One of the play's chief merits is the opportunity it affords for gentlemanly and ladylike comedians and dewy but perky ingenues to disport themselves with expert suavity. The actors in this production—many of them from the original English cast—Wilfred Hyde White, Adrienne Allen, Anna Massey—take charming advantage of the opportunity.

In this connection, I recall that after the play's opening in London, I had occasion to chat with Kenneth Tynan, the *Observer's* lively dramatic critic. I asked him his opinion of the play. He said—a remark he unfortunately did not include in his review—"It is treated to the kind of superb acting that has kept the English stage twenty-five years behind the times."

It is a hard thing to say, but I cannot refrain from reporting that *Too Late the Phalarope,* a dramatization by Robert Yale Libott of Alan Paton's novel (Belasco Theatre) is all virtue and no effect. It deals with the race problem in South Africa. (So did last season's failure, *Mister Johnson,* and Maxwell Anderson's *Lost in the Stars,* which was aided by a more interesting story and Kurt Weill's music.)

It appears that the Immorality Act in South Africa makes it criminal for a white citizen to cohabit with a person of the black race. The punishment is not only imprisonment but total and lifelong ostracism of the offender by virtually the entire community. The play implies that the law is monstrous, and the situation in South Africa tragic. Who disagrees?

Since the play creates nothing in the way of real quality—melodramatic suspense, poetry of speech or feeling, character depiction, tear-provoking pathos or even sensuality—it is as pointless as propaganda as it is devoid of art. The fact that the play is literate, that it is produced with impeccable professionalism—Barry Sullivan, Finlay Currie, Paul Mann and Ellen Holly are outstanding in a good cast—does not relieve our sense of wasted effort. I could set the production down as a worthy deed only if it were presented in Johannesburg or Capetown. The producer does not seem to have realized that such a play has no actual bearing on the race or color problem in our country. It provides little more than information.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

IF *Storm Center* had been made and released four years ago, we might have tossed our hats in the air and proclaimed Hollywood as the new cradle of liberty. According to Daniel Taradash, director and co-author of the film, who reviews its history with admirable candor in the New York *Times* of October 14, it could have been made and released then. Taradash is an awkward citizen by Hollywood standards; he is a top echelon script writer (*From Here to Eternity* and *Picnic,* for example) with ideas of his own. So when he and his colleague, Elick Moll, backed by the enthusiasm of Julian Blaustein and Stanley Kramer, began to peddle their hot manuscript around the studios, they were not thrown out on the sidewalk. What they met was enthusiastic inertia. It is a treatment that nine times out of ten will kill an embarrassing idea without anyone having actually to pull the trigger. But Taradash and his colleagues had the patience of their convictions and, being very gainfully employed, could afford to persist.

The subject of the picture is book burning, which is not so dangerous

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a topic as it was before President Eisenhower deplored the practice in 1954. It deals also with the techniques of character destruction, the infectious quality of gossip, and with political ambition cloaked in super patriotism. It does not mince words about these matters and, granted that the climate has somewhat improved, it would be optimistic to think that they are now dead issues.

The script is tailored to Hollywood's understanding of what makes an acceptable story. It centers upon the tragedy of a small boy who, on being told that the librarian he worships is a dangerous criminal, becomes psychotic and burns the whole library in a frenzy of despair and hatred. This is rather pat, rather contrived, undeniably sentimental.

But there is nothing sentimental about the character of Alicia Hunt, the librarian, or about the way Bette Davis plays her. What I like about Miss Hunt is that she is not particularly likable. Good at her job, obviously, and a benefit to the town; but arrogant, self-centered, very conscious of her own importance. She is so little concerned with abstract principle that, when the city council asks her to get rid of a book which she herself does not admire, she readily agrees in order to clear the way for a project of her own.

However, when she actually comes to the point of erasing the offensive volume, it is another matter. She has never destroyed a book; her library courses gave no instruction on the point; there is no way of removing evidence of its existence from her records; it is — quite literally — an unheard of action.

So she changes her mind and, arrogant as ever, defies the questions of the council. She knows she is right and thinks she is above attack — but in that she is wrong. It should be hard to convince a woman's friends and neighbors that she is an enemy agent. The great merit of *Storm Center* is that it shows — with no sentimentality and very little melodrama — how very easy it is.

MUSIC

B. H. Haggin

THE Fromm Music Foundation presented a concert in the Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in which Stokowski conducted the Symphony of the Air in first performances of Bernhard C. Heiden's *Memorial;* Martinu's Piano Concerto No. 4, *Incantation,* with Rudolf Firkusny as soloist; an Adagio by Robert Helps, and a Toccata by Leon Kirchner. They were pieces in which one heard evidence of competence in fitting sounds into musical objects; but the unattractively dissonant objects of Helps and Kirchner communicated nothing to me, and what the simple and accessible writing of Heiden did communicate I found unimpressive. Nor did the Martinu piece say anything of great consequence; but it was enjoyable to listen to, and at times impressive, in its toccata-like play with sonorities and effects.

All the pieces gave the orchestra lots of things to do—which no doubt was one reason why Stokowski performed them; and the performances testified to his powers in getting an orchestra to do things. Improved by several replacements in the brass and a new first oboe, and rehearsed at length by Stokowski, the Symphony of the Air played with a brilliance, a finish and a beauty of sound that it didn't exhibit last year. And Firkusny, who cannot give continuity of flow and tension to Mozart or Schubert, was brilliantly effective in the toccata-like piano writing of Martinu's concerto.

EPIC LC-3260 offers five of Torelli's Concerti Grossi Op. 8, in which one can hear lots of derivations but little of intrinsic musical interest. They are performed beautifully by I Musici.

The Allegro movements of Beethoven's *Eroica* Symphony lose in intensity and power from Klemperer's slow pacing of them in his performance with the London Philharmonia on Angel 35328.

The first three movements of Brahms's Fourth Symphony are per-

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Left Wing Policy in the 1956 Election
Clifford T. McAvoy, Former legislative representative, N. Y. C. CIO Council and National CIO-PAC
Albert Blumberg, Legislative Director, Communist Party
David Dellinger, Editor, "Liberation"

2. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 8 P.M.
Prospects for American Socialism
Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, Noted historian and Negro leader
John Lewine, Former Director Eugene V. Debs School
Carl Marzani, Author, "We Can be Friends"

3. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 8 P.M.
Socialism After Stalin
William Mandal, Author, "Guide to the Soviet Union", "The Soviet Far East', etc.
F. G. Clarke, Journalist and Lecturer

Chairman: Michael Zaslow

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formed well by von Karajan with the London Philharmonia on Angel 35298; but there are the usual changes of tempo in the final passacaglia, whose cumulative effect requires instead that the pace of the opening statement of the theme be maintained in the succession of variations, as Brahms directs.

Beethoven's *Coriolan, Fidelio* and three *Leonore* Overtures are rattled off by Munch with the Boston Symphony, on RCA Victor LM-2015, with no feeling for their dramatic character.

Debussy's *Prélude à l'Après-midi d'un Faune* is played with excessive changes of tempo and sonority by Ormandy with the Philadelphia Orchestra on Columbia ML-5112; but the performances of *Nuages* and *Fêtes* are good. Ravel's *Daphnis et Chloé* Suite is also on the record.

IN MY September 8 report on the Electro-Sonic cartridge I said that if one stepped up its low output with a transformer one damaged its beautiful sound, and that without a transformer it needed a combination like the Bogen PR-100-A preamplifier and McIntosh 60-watt amplifier. I can now report that a little transistor transformer made by High Fidelity Service Center, 129 Brighton Avenue, Allston, Mass., steps up the Electro-Sonic's output enormously with no damage to its sound, making it possible to use the cartridge with any pre-amplifier and amplifier. Further listening convinces me that it is the cartridge to use.

I must report also that the combination of 8E2 slide and E1A weight provided with the Gray 108-C arm for the Electro-Sonic C-1 cartridge does not give sufficient stylus-pressure; and I suggest acquiring a Weathers pressure-gauge to check the stylus-pressure, and, if necessary, placing additional weights on the front of the arm until a pressure of five grams is attained. I also suggest using no more than half of the damping fluid supplied with the arm.

And finally the Bozak E-300 speaker cabinet should be cross-braced and be lined and filled with Aerocor Fiberglas in the ways I described in my specifications for a speaker enclosure.

TV and RADIO FORECAST

October 28 through November 3

(See local papers for time and channel)

Sunday, October 28

BORN YESTERDAY (NBC: Hallmark Hall of Fame). Mary Martin and Paul Douglas co-star in the Garson Kanin comedy, adapted and directed by the author. After *Peter Pan,* NBC signed Miss Martin to a three-year exclusive contract; they have surrounded her here with many of the original Broadway cast to make this another great TV moment. (Color)

WIDE WIDE WORLD (NBC). Under the title "So Goes the Nation," this meandering, often mediocre magazine show will attempt a portrait of American life in the last few days before the election. New producer Gerald Green, formerly of "Today," may add the sense and sensibility hitherto lacking.

Monday, October 29

AMERICAN PRIMITIVE (CBS; Studio 1). Last production in this series by talented producer Robert Herridge, who now relinquishes the dramatic show he has made one of TV's best for another assignment. Lloyd Bridges stars in an original story of the West.

NBC NEWS. Premiere of a new Monday-through-Friday evening news program edited from New York by Chet Huntley (of "Outlook") and from Washington by David Brinkely. The dry wit and objective news-sense of this pair was the outstanding team coverage of the summer conventions; they are a bright hope for the long-neglected area of televised news.

Wednesday, October 31

SAVROLA (NBC; Matinee Theatre). Dramatization of Winston Churchill's only novel, written at 23. His daughter Sarah will star, thereby perhaps restoring the Churchill TV reputation from the battering it took when the son and heir met the $64,000 question. Miss Churchill will play the wife of a dictator in a mythical country; Sir Winston admits to only mild interest in his TV dramatic debut.

Saturday, November 3

THE WIZARD OF OZ (CBS; Ford Star Jubilee). Second in the once-a-month series which started at the bottom with "You're the Top." Taking no chances, CBS acquired rights to this memorable Judy Garland fantasia when MGM released it in 1939. This is the new generation's chance to make its first visit to Oz. (Color)

A. W. L.

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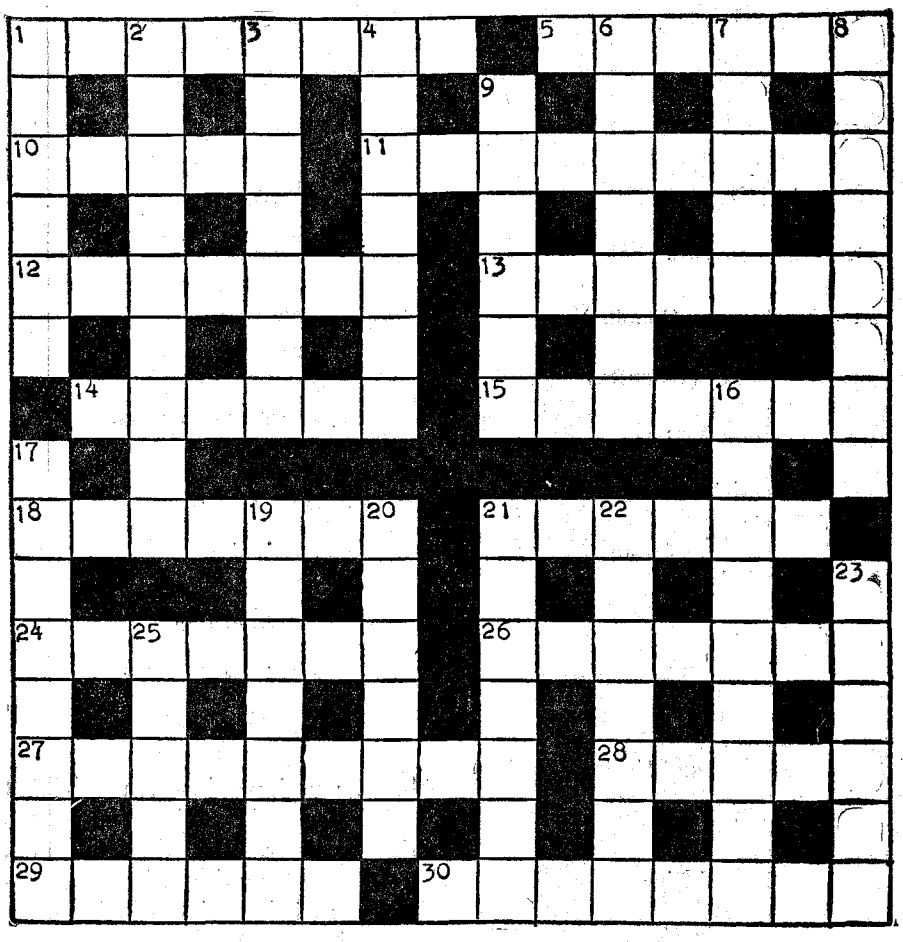
Crossword Puzzle No. 695

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 The cost of being stylish isn't too much! (8)
5 If the left part is exactly as much, what you have should! (6)
10 Spent his time looking backward like Satan. (5)
11 If it weren't for an obviously bad heart, the dog would go to town with a fighting attitude! (9)
12 How can such discouragement be praised? (7)
13 Not quite a crime to a youngster—unless he's from Yale! (7)
14 Untangle this and get the remnant. (3, 3)
15 The color of a wrecked ship with damaged sepia cargo. (7)
18 Repeat it, but not softly, in order to get to repeat it. (7)
21 Her circle is the other way around —so one should take a bow. (6)
24 See 21 down
26 Get above it, in a way, and dispose of it. (7)
27 Shown the Dixie band, and taken away. (9)
28 Father leaves 12 disorganized, and takes a trip. (5)
29 Watch your heart in the market! (6)
30 Usually lead in such a connection. (8)

DOWN:

1 A boy in my state of health isn't well. (6)
2 Ravage. (9)
3 Sometimes involved in Bureaucracy. (3, 4)
4 Such things might be a little thin on top, being quite the reverse of 3. (7)
6 Implying a loud uprising about the abbreviated state of 2 is only a dodge? (7)
7 A large number helps around sharp things. (5)
8 and 17 Take a flutter in cosmetics? What a nuisance! (3, 2, 3, 8)
9 The contents rather than the container should be cracked. (3, 3)
16 Such a person sounds as though he's proud of calumniating. (9)
17 See 8 down
19 Friendly, but somewhat hesitant about his own powers? (7)
20 The doings of Steven? (6)
21 and 24 across Sufficient cause to make hot water so wide. (1, 4, 2, 3, 4)
22 The recess ends 13 and is unexposed. (7)
23 Skilled, probably because the feet are well balanced? (6)
25 And here is a Latin principle! (5)

(See solution to last week's puzzle at right)

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SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 694

ACROSS: 6 PORT; 10 GLADDEN; 11 AND 23 STOP THE MUSIC; 12 SHINGLES; 13 TRASH; 15 ADDLE; 17 TRAVERTIN; 19 NARCISSUS; 21 AND 1 ACROSS, NOBLE EXPERIMENT; 24 SPEAKING; 27 PENANCE; 28 IMPALED; 29 SASH; 30 MARY GARDEN. DOWN: 2, 1 DOWN, AND 7 POACHED EGGS ON TOAST; 3 RODIN; 4 MONOLITHS; 5 NOSES; 8 THE THINKER; 9 SOUTHERN; 14 MAGNUM OPUS; 16 EVINCING; 18 AUSTERITY; 20 RESENTS; 22 BUNDLED; 24 SHEBA; 25 KAPPA; 26 ADEN.

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